*West.* I cannot ſtaie to heare theſe Articles. *Exit*
*Clif.* Nor I, Come coſen lets go tell the Queene.
*Northum.* Be thou a praie vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. *Exit.*
*Clif.* In dreadfull warre maiſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and deſpiſde. *Exit*
*Exet.* They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not
yeeld my Lord.
*King.* Ah *Exeter?*
*War.* Why ſhould you ſigh my Lord?
*King.* Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwike*, but my ſonne
Whom I vnnaturallie ſhall diſinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath, to ceaſe theſe ciuill
Broiles, and whilſt I liue to honour me as thy king and
Soueraigne.
*York.* That oath I willinglie take and will performe.
*War.* Long liue king *Henry*. *Plantagenet* embrace
him?
*King.* And long liue thou and all thy forward ſonnes.
*York.* Now *Yorke* and *Lancaſter* are reconcilde.
*Exet.* Accurſt be he that ſeekes to make them foes,
Sound Trumpets.
*York.* My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to *Wakefield*
To my caſtell. *Exit Yorke* and his ſonnes.
*War.* And Ile keepe *London* with my ſouldiers. *Exit*
*Norf.* And Ile to *Norffolke* with my followers. *Exit*
*Mont.* And I to the ſea from whence I came. *Exit*
*Exet.*



Enter the *Queene* and the *Prince*.
*Exet.* My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile ſteale away.
*King.* And ſo will *I*.
*Queene.* Naie ſtaie, or elſe I follow thee.
*King.* Be patient gentle *Queene*, and then Ile ſtaie.
*Quee.* What patience can there? ah timerous man,
Thou haſt vndoone thy ſelfe, thy ſonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the houſe of *Yorke*.
Art thou a king and wilt be forſt to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the ſouldiers ſhould haue toſt
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne *Fawconbridge*
Commands the narrow ſeas. And thinkſt thou then
To ſleepe ſecure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldeſt to the houſe of *Yorke*.
The Northen Lords that haue forſworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they ſee them ſpred,
And ſpread they ſhall vnto thy deepe diſgrace.
Come ſonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.
*King.* Staie gentle *Margaret*, and here me ſpeake.
*Queene.* Thou haſt ſpoke too much alreadie, therefore be ſtill.
*King.* Gentle ſonne *Edwarde*, wilt thou ſtaie with me?
*Quee.* I, to be murdred by his enemies. *Exit.*
*Prin.* When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile ſee your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*
*King.* Poore *Queene*, her loue to me and to the prince
Her